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MAY

HANNA AND BARBERA'S

YOGI BEAR

133



Yogi Bear

REFORMED BEAR



Hanna-Barbera
Yogi Bearer

DOUBLE TROUBLE

HELP! SOMEBODY
STOLE A JAR OF
MY HONEY!

SOUNDS LIKE
AN INTERESTING
CASE! I'LL
TAKE IT!

PRIVATE EYE
EAR and
NOSE

NOW THEN,
WHERE WAS THE
HONEY WHEN IT
WAS STOLEN?

IN A HOLLOW
TREE
OUTSIDE
MY CAVE!
THAT'S
WHERE I
KEEP ALL
MY JARS!

SOON...

HMM! I
DETECT BEAR
FOOTPRINTS!

HOW ABOUT THAT?
WHO DO I KNOW
THAT HAS
BEAR FEET?

THOSE ARE OUR
FOOTPRINTS, YOGI!

KEEP OUT!
PROPERTY OF
YOGI BEAR

AH-HA! HERE'S A SUSPICIOUS-
LOOKING CHARACTER!

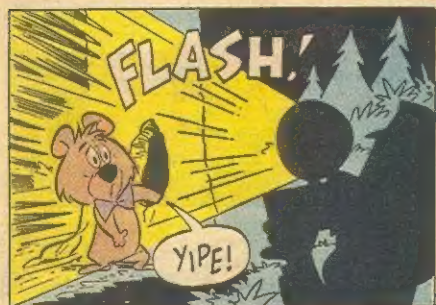
DON'T BE
RIDICULOUS!
THAT'S MY
BUDDY,
BOO BOO!

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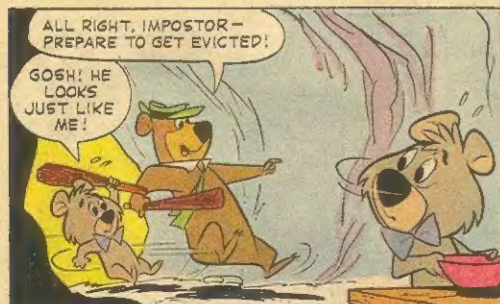
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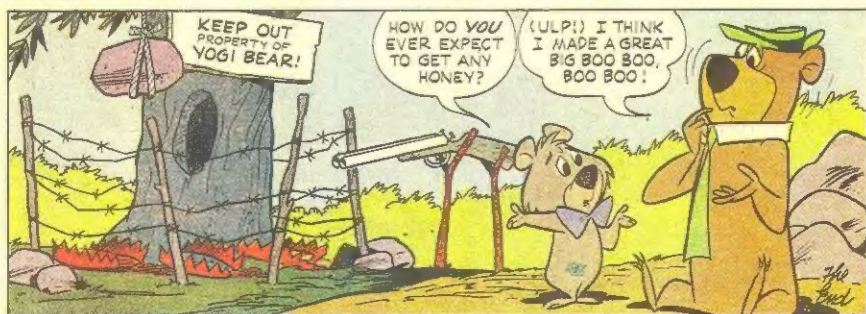
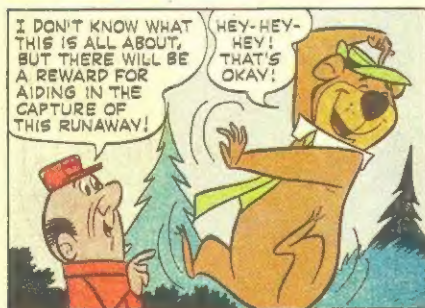
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Hanna-Barbera

SNAGGLEPUSS

ON WITH THE SHOW

ZOUNDS! WHAT A SAD-LOOKING CIRCUS! WELL, NOW I MUST FIND MY COUSIN MURGATROYD AND FIND OUT WHY HE NEEDS MY HELP!



MURGATROYD! GLAD TO SEE YOU, COUSIN!

SNAGGLEPUSS! THANK GOODNESS YOU GOT MY LETTER! YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME ESCAPE FROM THIS CIRCUS!



BUT I THOUGHT YOU LIKED CIRCUSES!

I DO! I JUST DON'T LIKE THIS ONE! THE LION TAMER IS A MISERABLE SCOUNDREL!



HE OVERWORKS ME, AND THEN DOESN'T FEED ME ENOUGH!

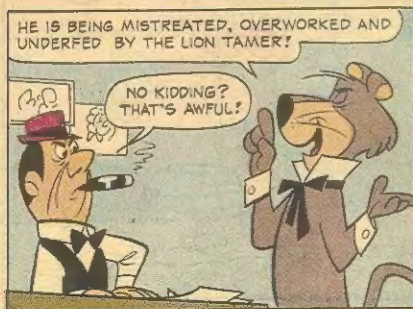
EGAD! HASN'T HE HEARD OF THE LION LABOR LAWS? I'LL SEE THE OWNER ABOUT THIS!



NO, SNAG! WAIT!

TSK, TSK! HAVE NO FEAR, SNAGGLEPUSS IS HERE! YOU THINK SMALL, MURGATROYD! IF YOU WANT ACTION, YOU'VE GOT TO GO STRAIGHT TO THE TOP!

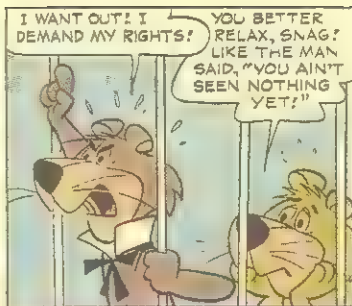






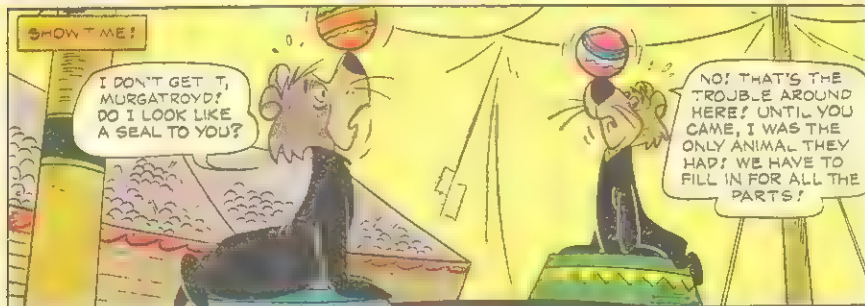
I TRIED TO TELL YOU, SNAG! THE LION TAMER ALSO OWNS THIS CIRCUS!

EGAD! WHAT A GIGANTIC GOOF!



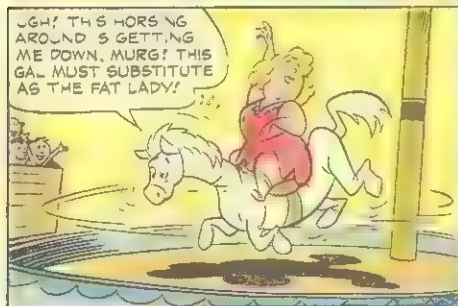
I WANT OUT! I DEMAND MY RIGHTS!

YOU BETTER RELAX, SNAG! LIKE THE MAN SAID, "YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHING YET!"

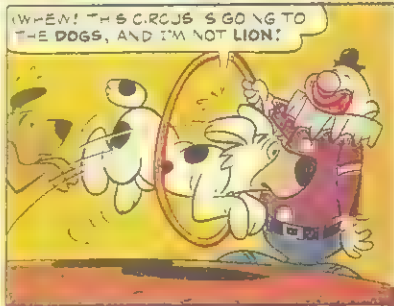


I DON'T GET IT, MURGATROYD! DO I LOOK LIKE A SEAL TO YOU?

NO! THAT'S THE TROUBLE AROUND HERE! UNTIL YOU CAME, I WAS THE ONLY ANIMAL THEY HAD! WE HAVE TO FILL IN FOR ALL THE PARTS!



UGH! THIS HORSE IS GETTING ME DOWN, MURG! THIS GAL MUST SUBSTITUTE AS THE FAT LADY!



WHEN! THE CIRCUS IS GOING TO THE DOGS, AND I'M NOT LION!



IN THE DRESSING ROOM...

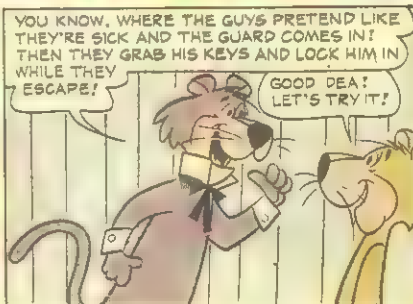
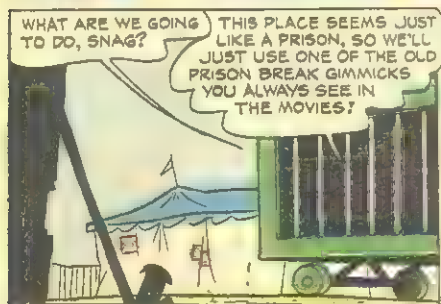
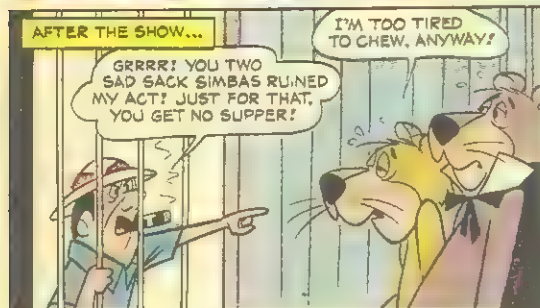
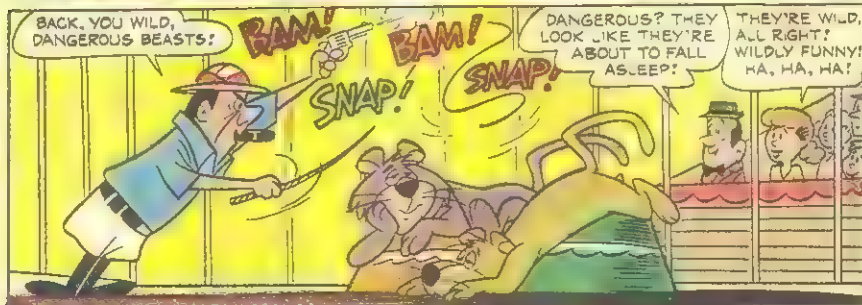
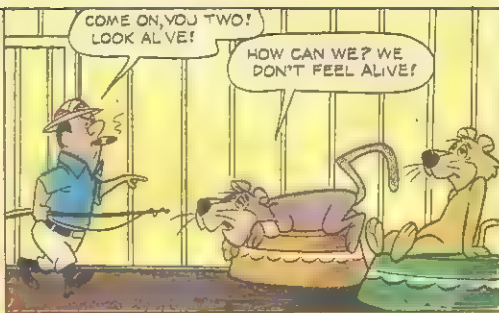
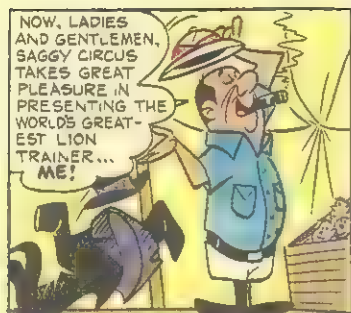
WHEN! THESE COSTUME CHANGES ARE AS TIRING AS THE WORK! WHAT'S NEXT?

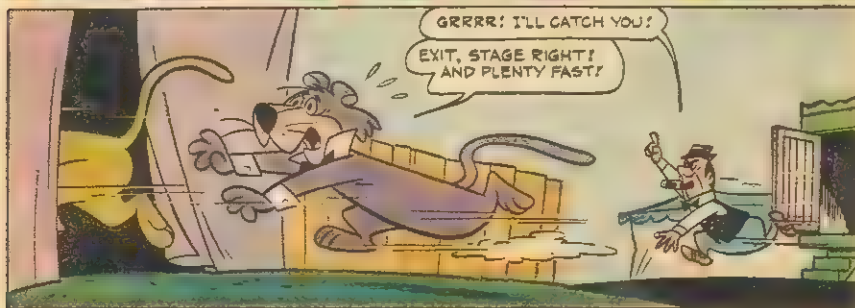
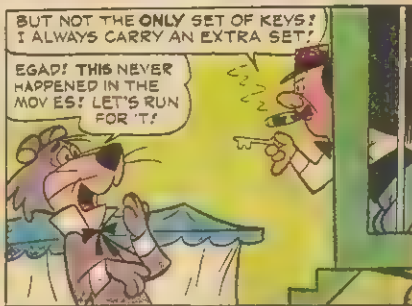
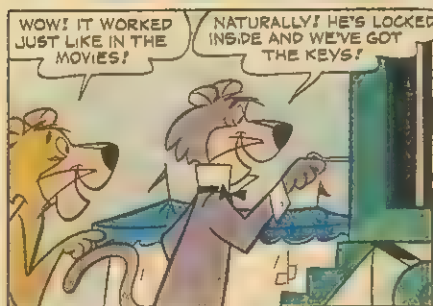
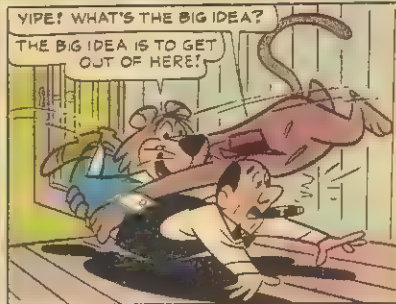
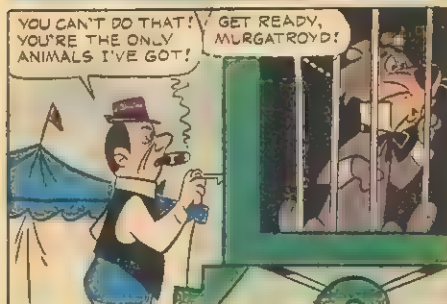
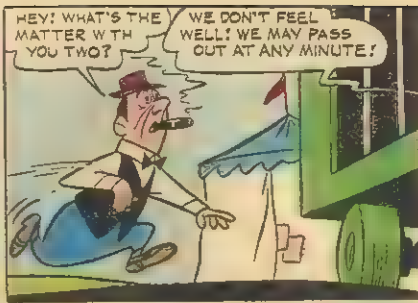
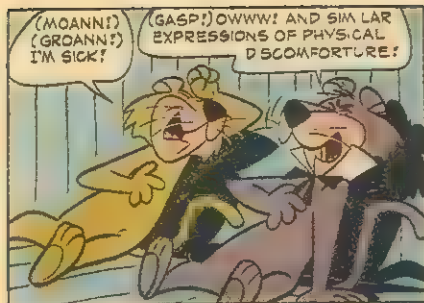
THE LION-TAMING ACT!

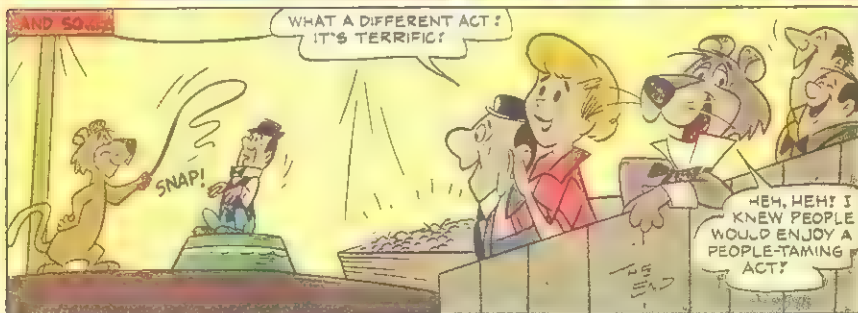
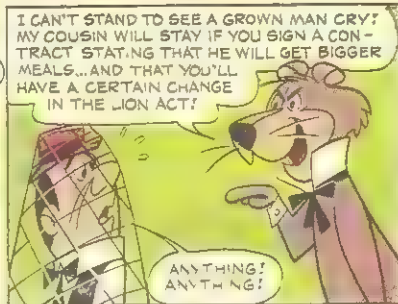
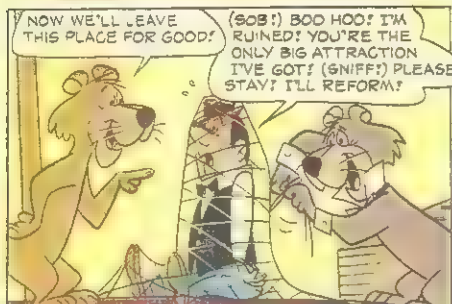
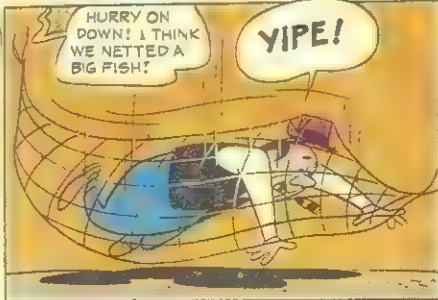
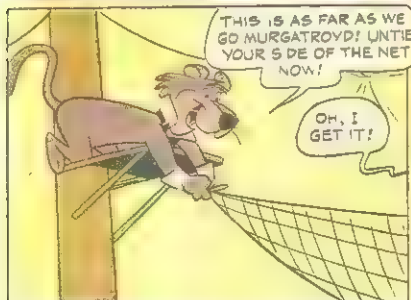
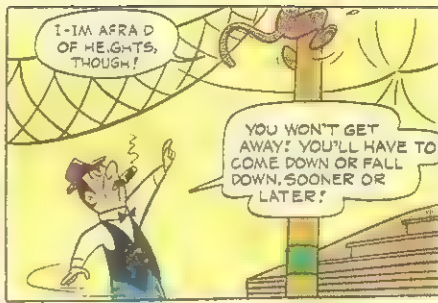
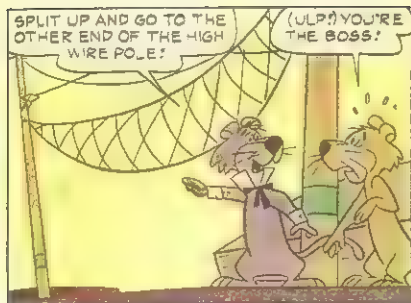


WHERE'S THE LION COSTUME? I CAN'T FIND IT!

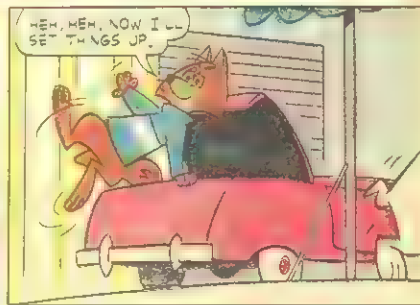
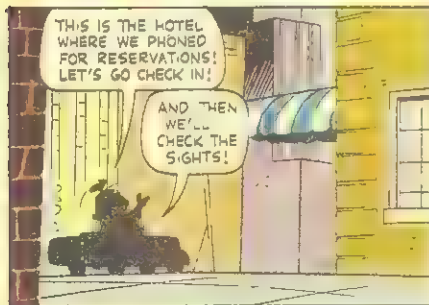
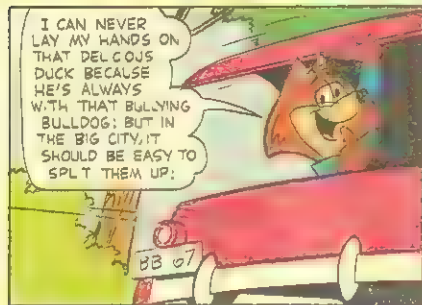
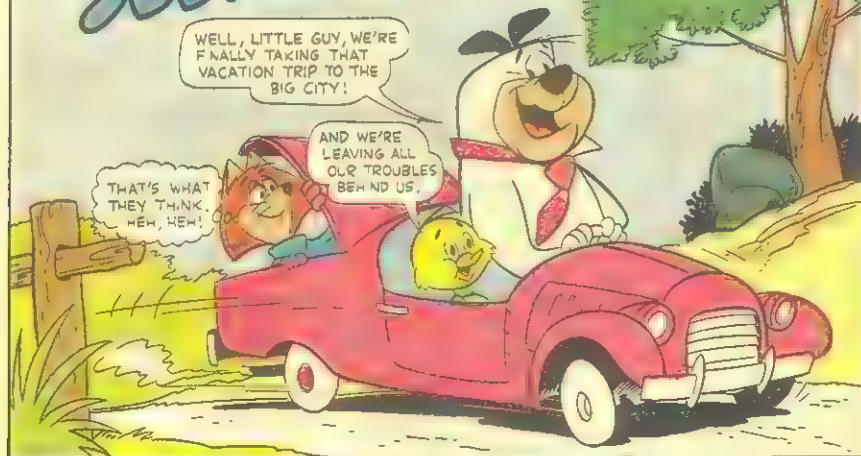
YOU'RE WEARING IT! LET'S HURRY! THE BOSS GETS MAD IF WE'RE LATE!

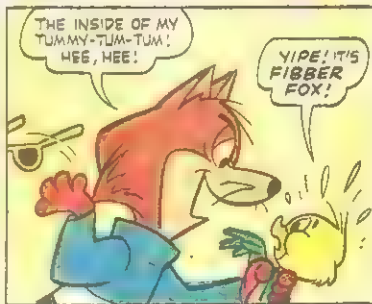
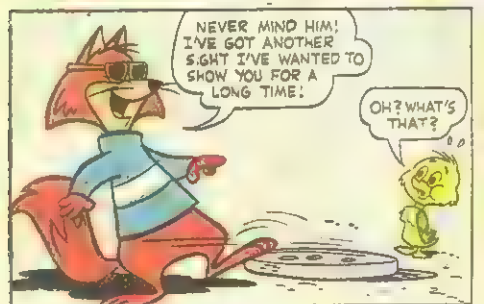
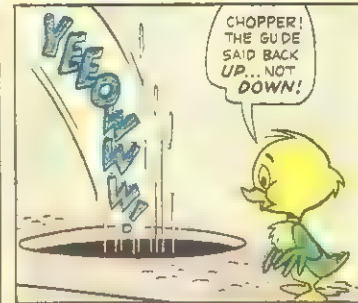
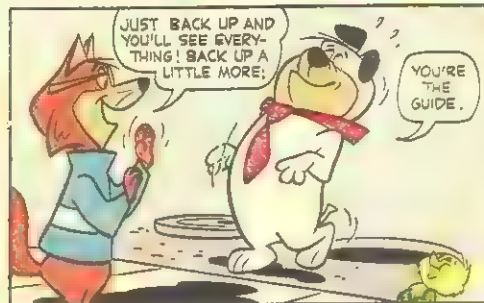
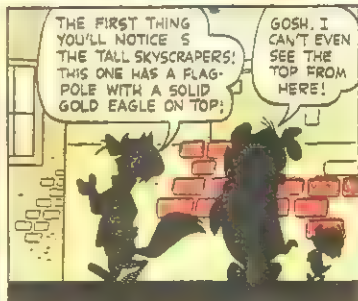
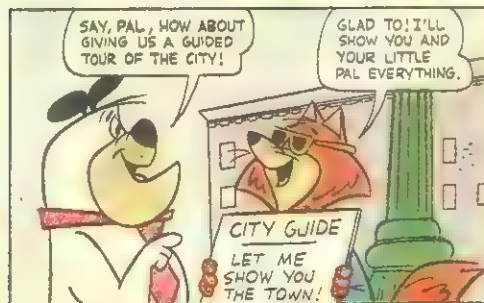
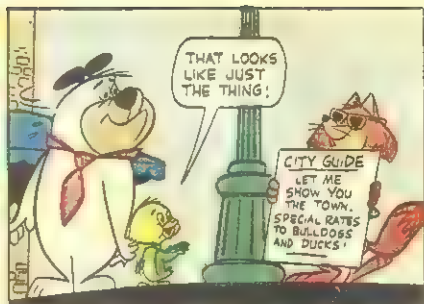
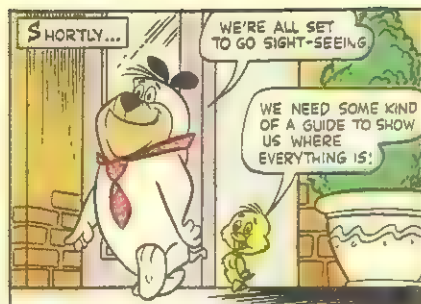


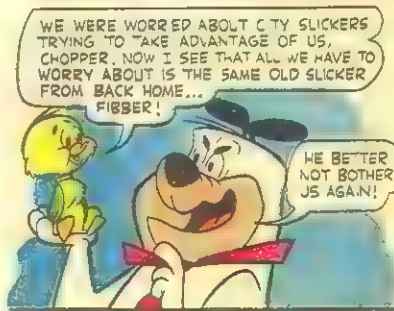
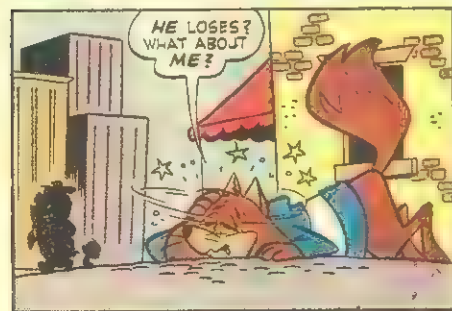
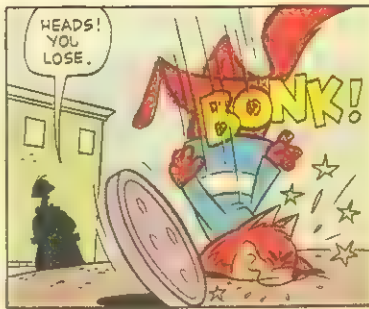
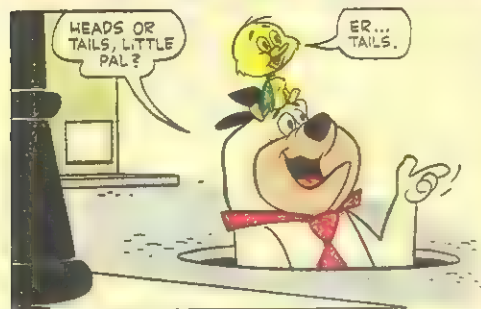
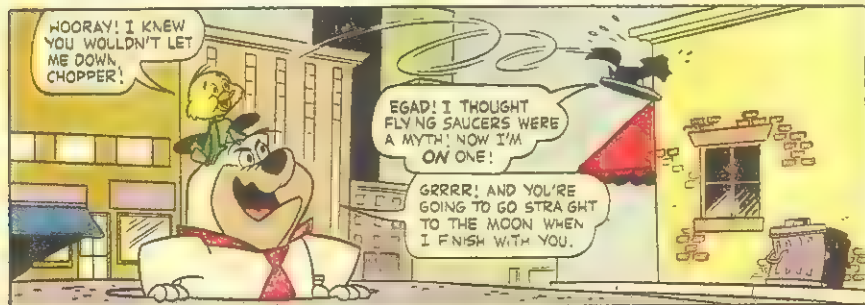
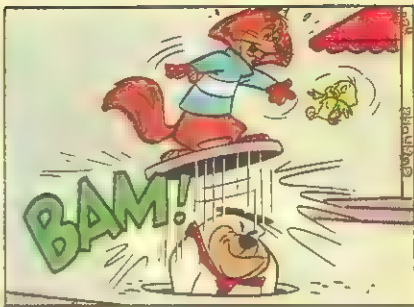
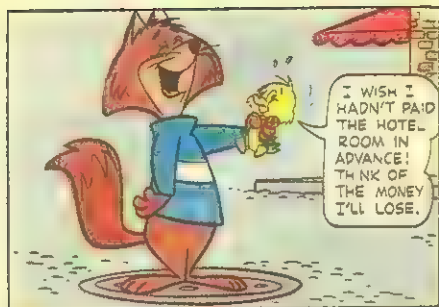


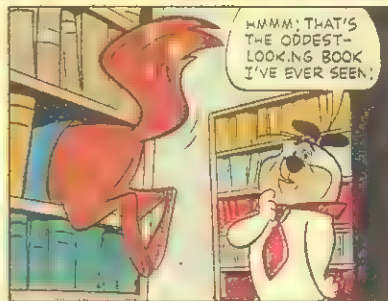
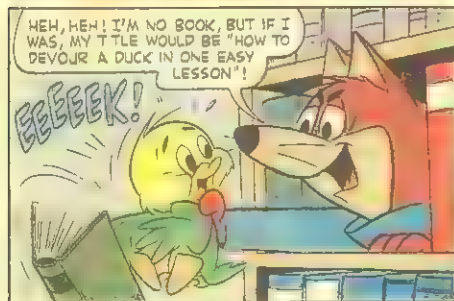
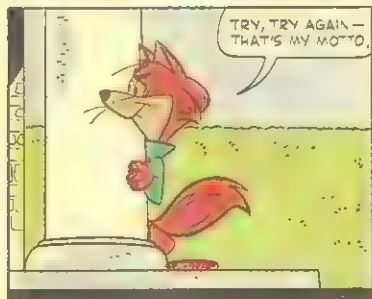
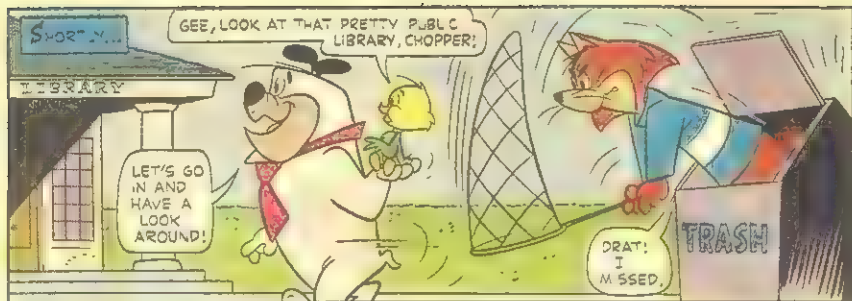


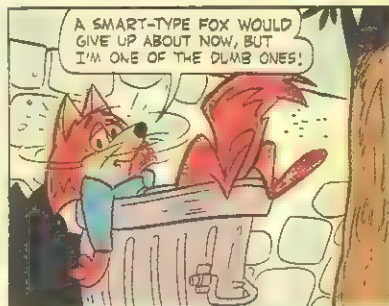
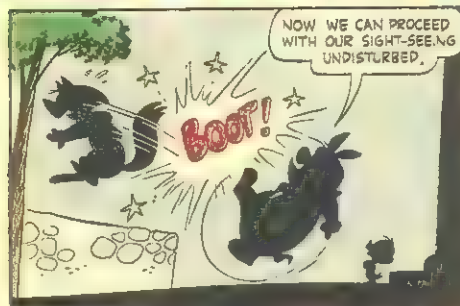
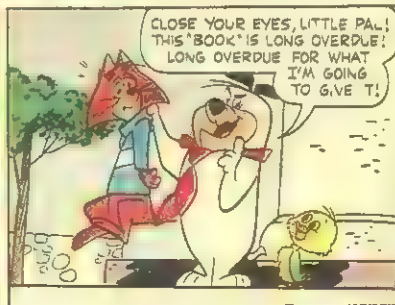
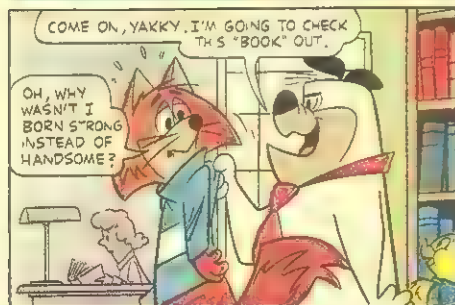
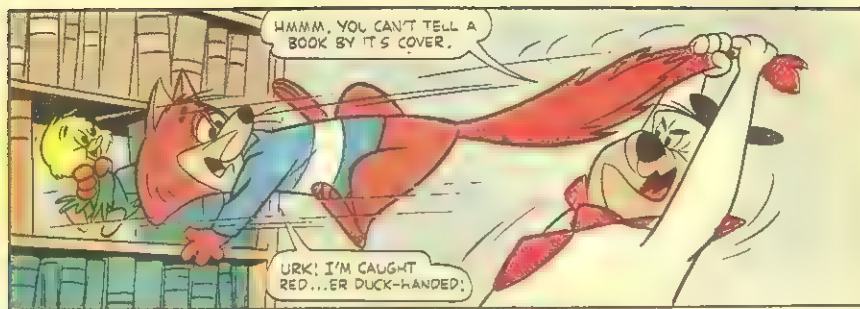
SEEING THE SIGHTS

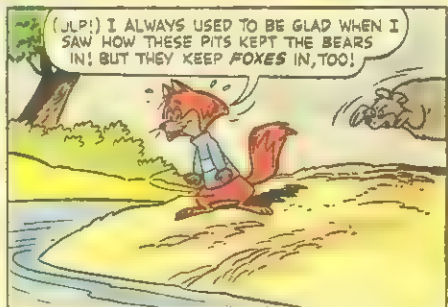
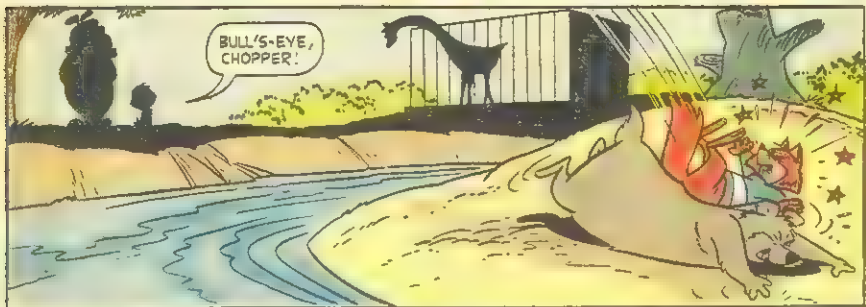
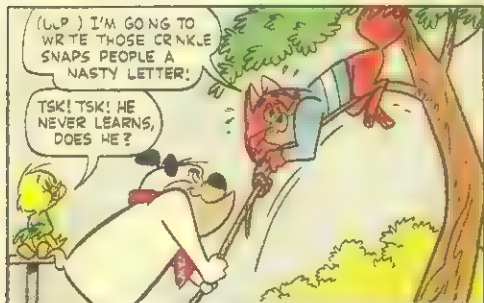
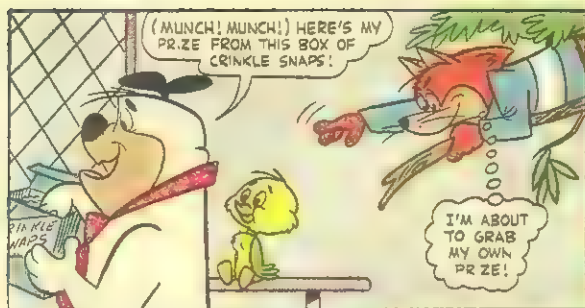


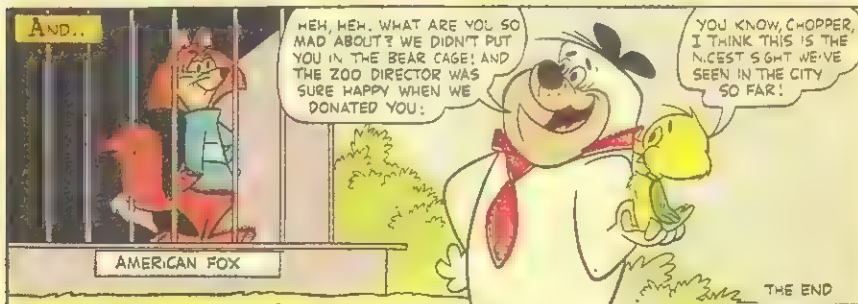
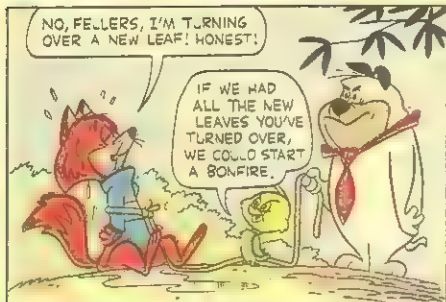
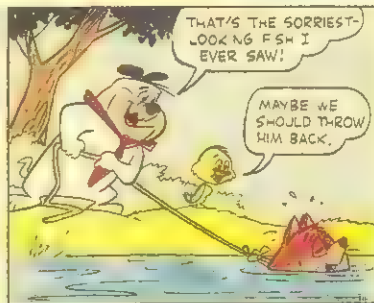
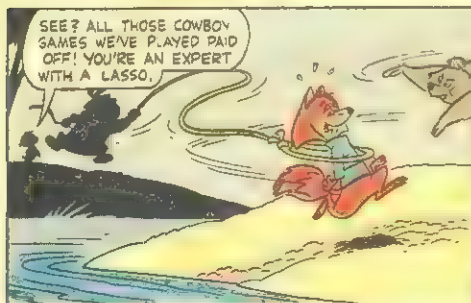
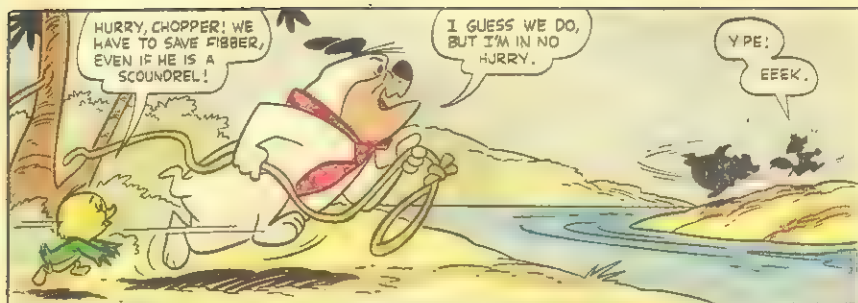




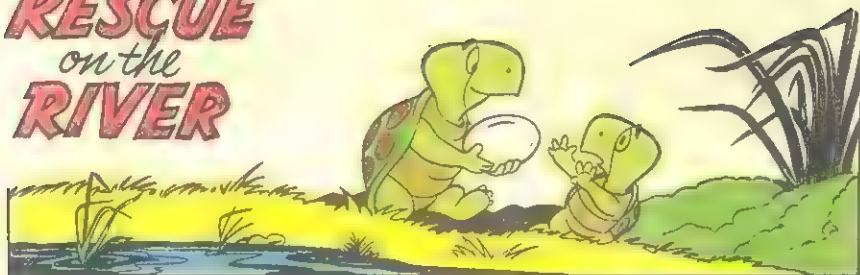








RESCUE on the RIVER



T. Tankhead Turtle and his little pal, Teeny Turtle, were strolling along the bank of the big wide river near their home. They looked longingly at the other side.

"Gee, Tank," said Teeny. "It sure would be nice to cross over to the other side. Everything looks so green and nice. I'll bet we could find plenty to eat there."

"Ah, indeed we could. But, Teeny, you know we're doomed to stay on this side!" T. Tankhead lamented. "The river is too wide to build a bridge across, and if we tried to swim or row across, I fear Mr. Crocodile would get us before we got halfway. It is best we keep looking for food right here."

The companions kept strolling and looking. Suddenly, Teeny stopped and exclaimed, "Hey, Tank, look here in the tall grass. I have found an egg."

"Indeed," remarked T. Tankhead. "Obviously some poor bird has had its egg stolen. We can do but one thing. We will take it home with us and guard it until it hatches. Then, perhaps the little fellow can be reunited with its parents."

"Gee, I don't know, Tank," said Teeny. "We might get in trouble."

"Tush, tush," scoffed T. Tankhead. "What trouble can befall us for rescuing a baby bird? Its mother will thank us."

So, T. Tankhead Turtle gently picked up the egg and started homeward. When he and Teeny arrived home, they placed the egg near their cooking fire to keep it warm.

Presently, the egg began to rock back and forth. PECK, PECK! Something was starting to hatch from the egg. Several more PECKS, and a couple of CRACKS, and a head appeared from a hole in the egg.

"Funniest looking bird I ever saw," ex-

claimed Teeny. "Look at the snout on him!"

"It is not the snout that puzzles me," remarked T. Tankhead. "It's the teeth."

"Oh, oh," cried Teeny, watching the baby crawl from the shell. "A long tail, too! You don't suppose that it is a..."

"YIKES!" cried T. Tankhead. "You might be right. That looks like a CROCODILE!"

"Eeep, eeep," said the baby crocodile.

Just then, a huge shadow loomed above them. "YAHGRR!" cried an angry voice.

T. Tankhead Turtle and Teeny Turtle spun around to find themselves face to face with Mr. Crocodile, the terror of the river.

"You've stolen our baby!" he roared. "Mrs. Crocodile was worried frantic. You'll pay for this! YAHGRR!"

With jaws wide open, Mr. Crocodile leaped toward the two friends.

"Eeep, eeep!" exclaimed the baby crocodile, crawling in front of his angry father and giving T. Tankhead a great big lick of affection. "Eeep, eeep!"

"What is this?" questioned Mr. Crocodile. "He likes you."

"Certainly he does," said Teeny. "We did not steal him at all. He was just an egg when we found him lost in the grass. T. Tankhead rescued him!"

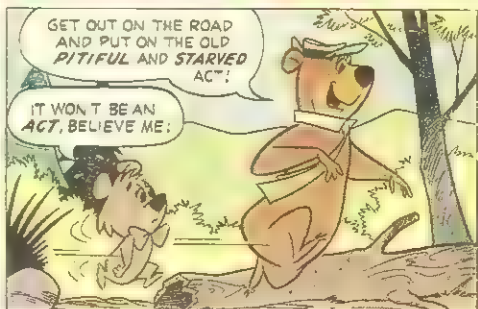
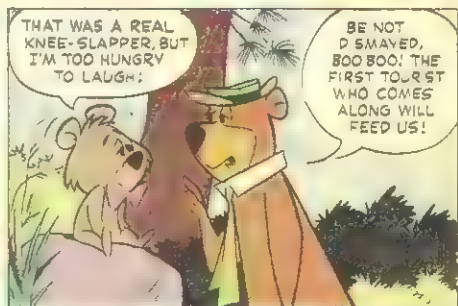
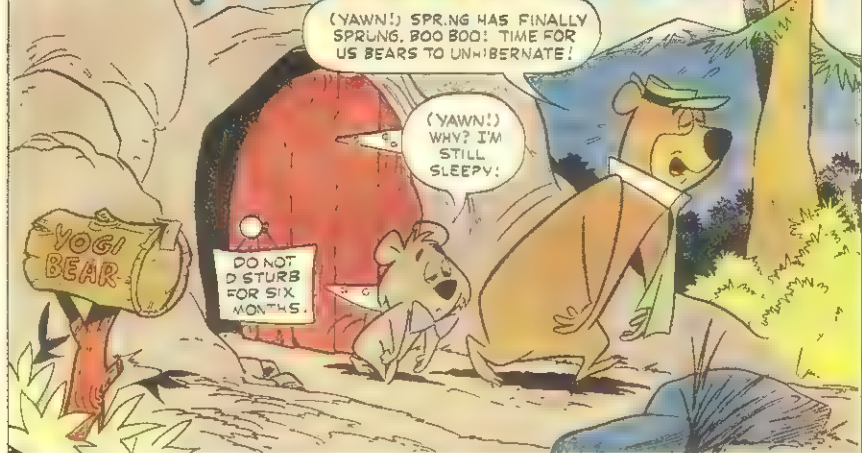
"Well, now if that doesn't beat all," Mr. Crocodile said, after he heard the whole story. "I'm sorry I acted the way I did. Is there anything I can do for you?"

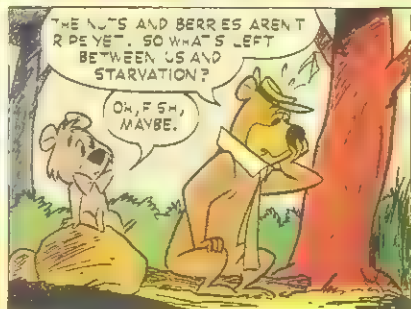
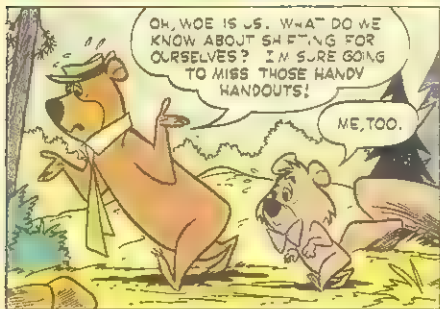
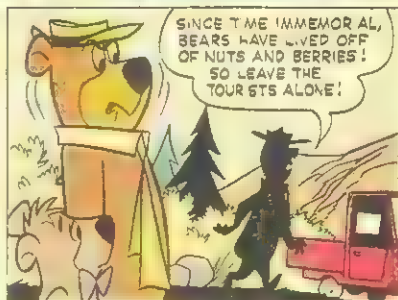
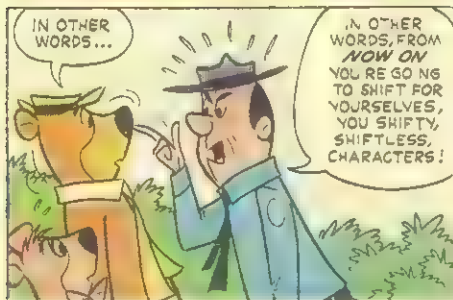
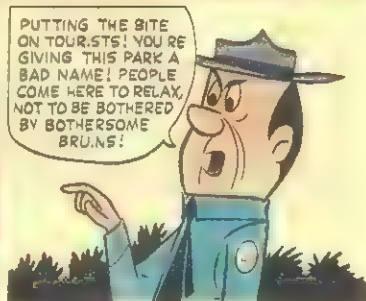
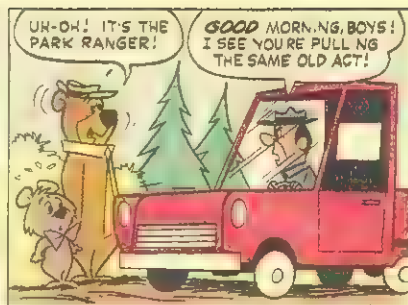
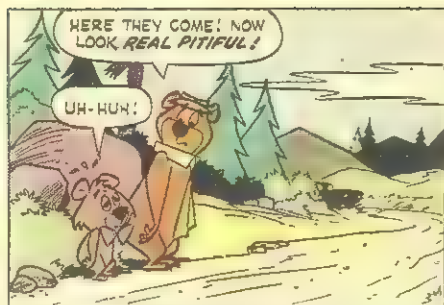
"There is one thing," said Tank.

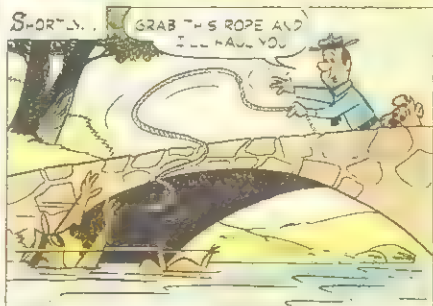
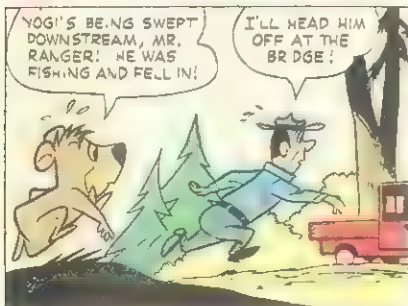
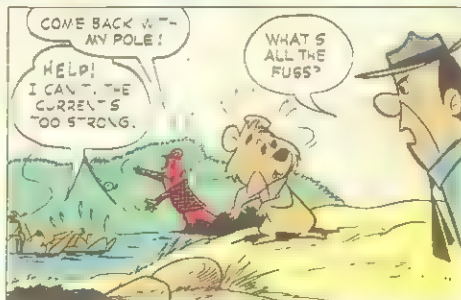
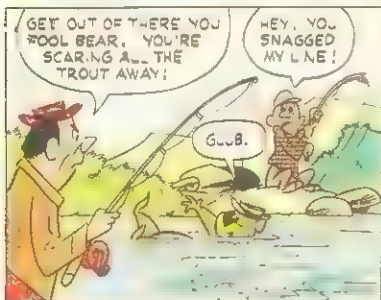
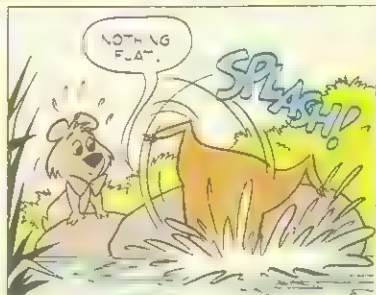
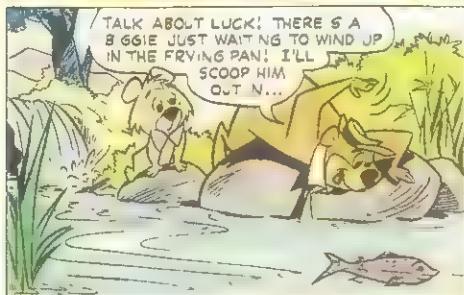
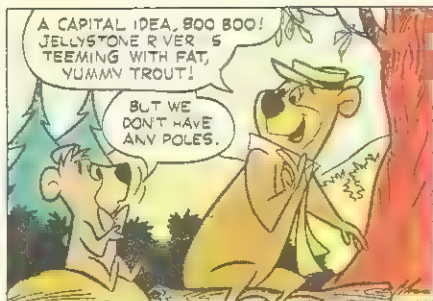
And so, to this day, anyone who passes the river near T. Tankhead's home is just likely to see Tank and Teeny heading for the far bank of the river, not on a bridge, not in a boat, and not swimming, but riding on the back of a big, grinning crocodile.

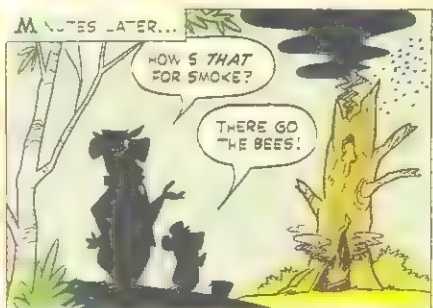
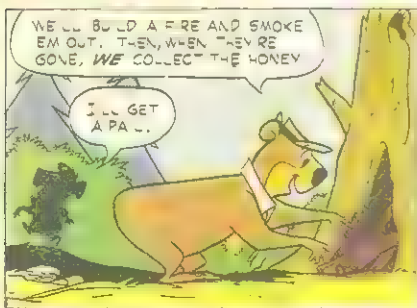
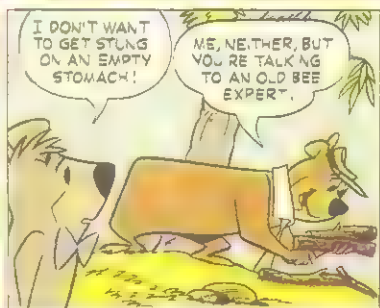
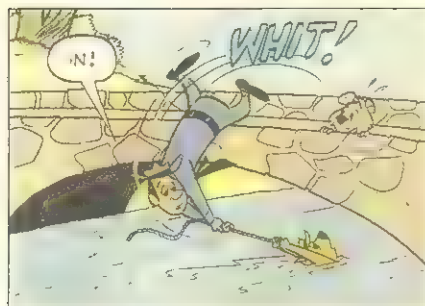
Hanna-Barbera
YOGI BEAR

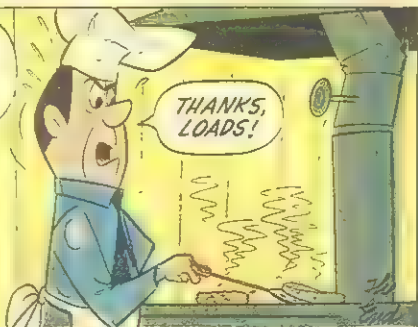
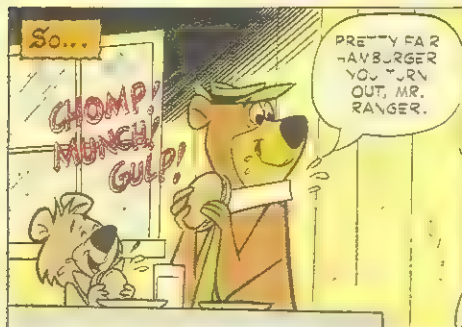
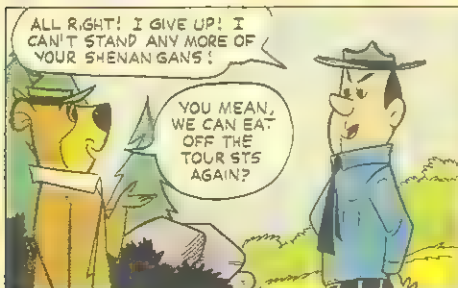
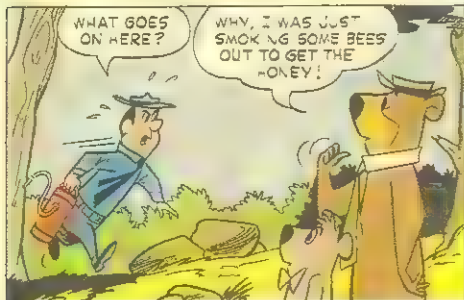
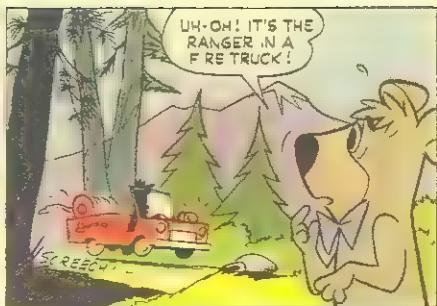
The FOOD FEUD



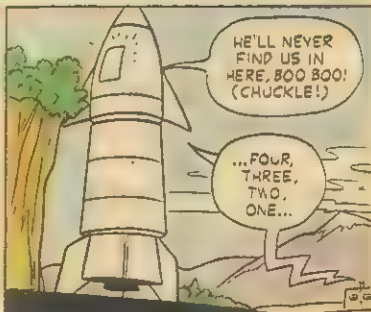
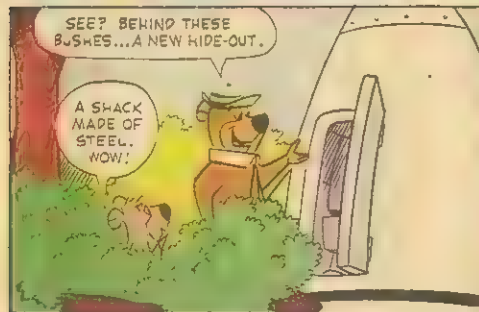
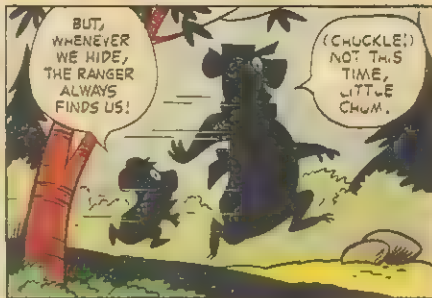
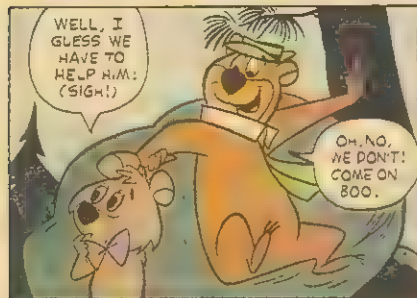
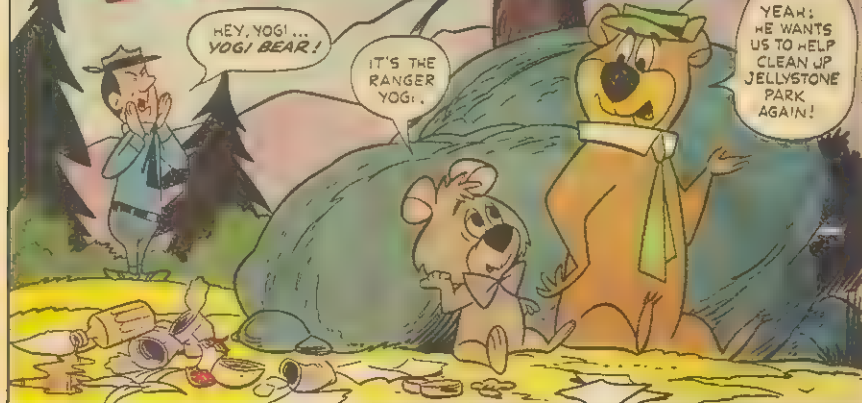


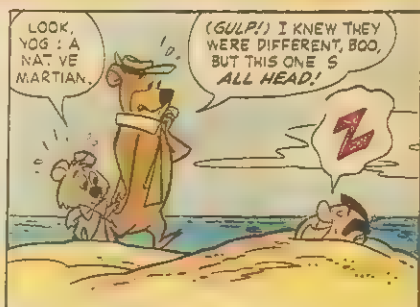
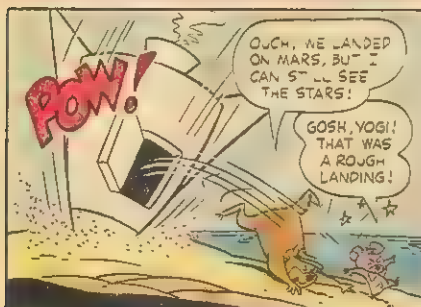
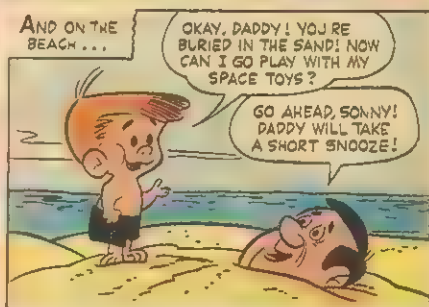
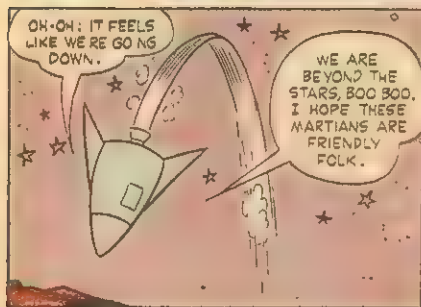
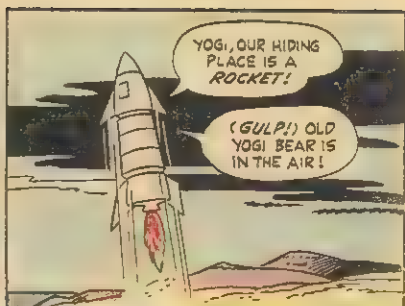
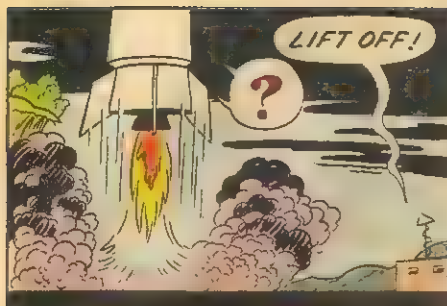


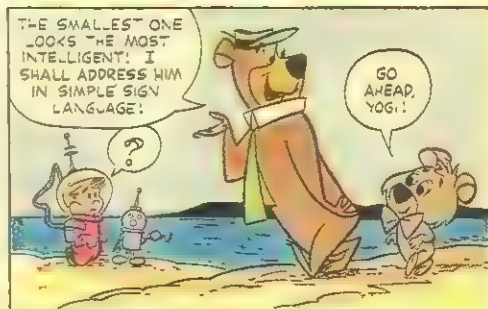
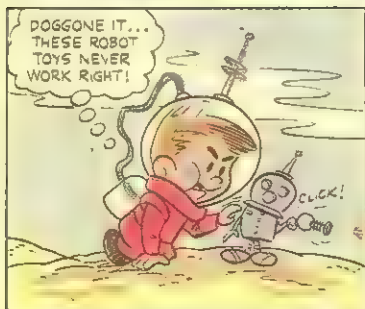
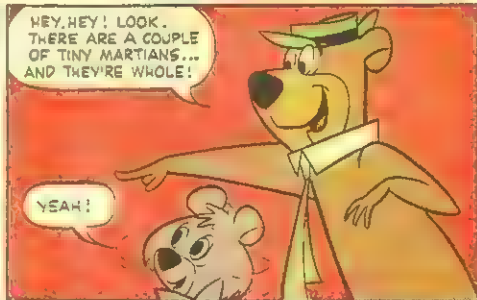
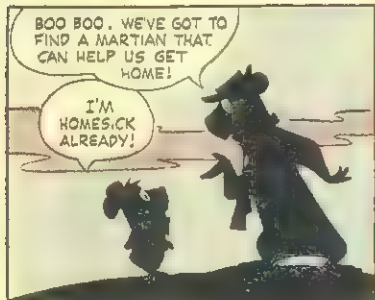
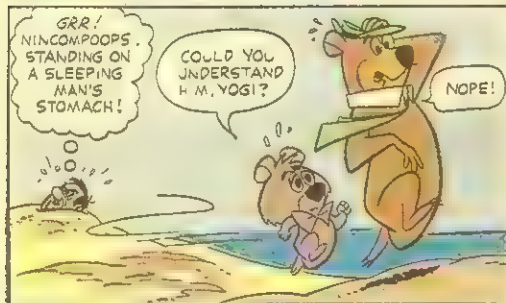
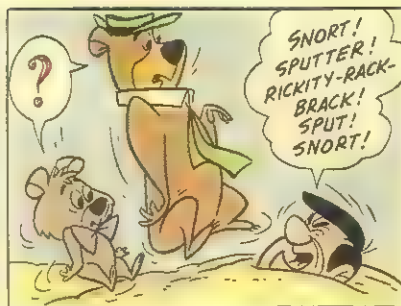
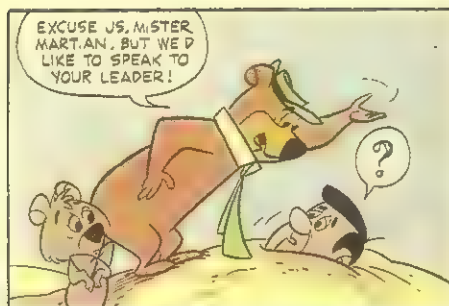


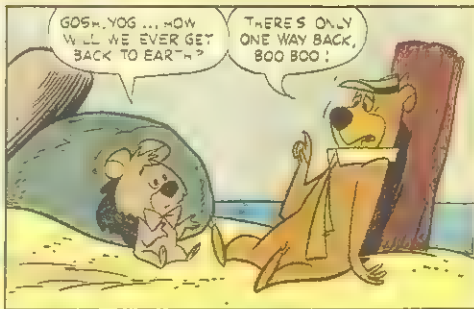
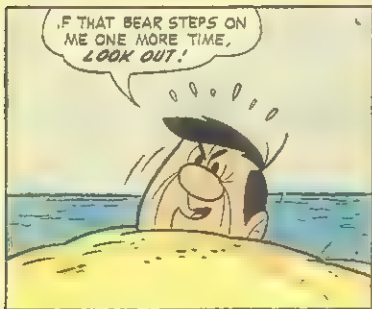
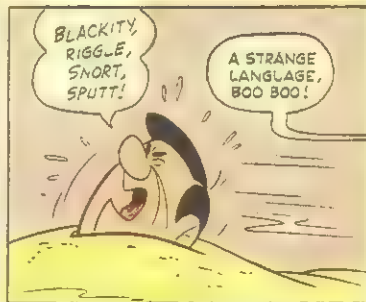
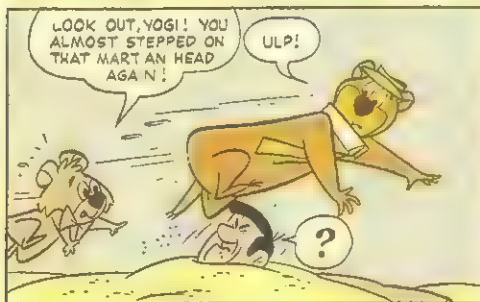
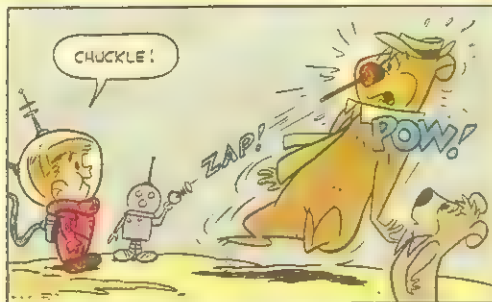
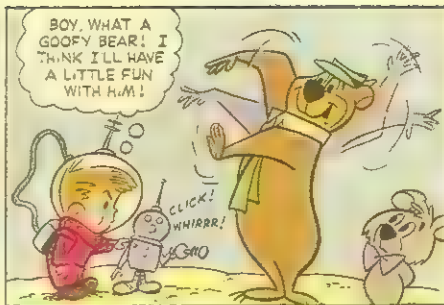
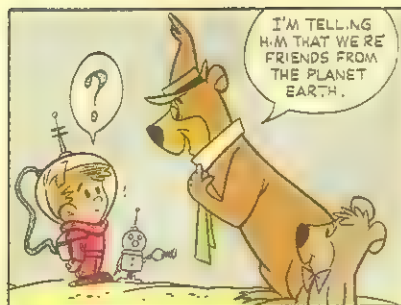


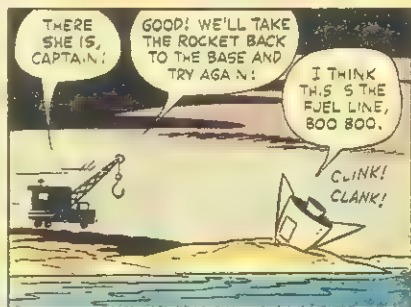
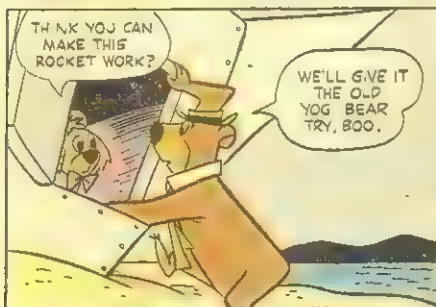
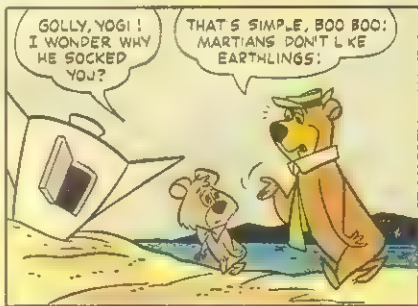
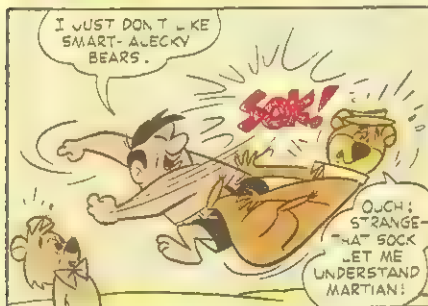
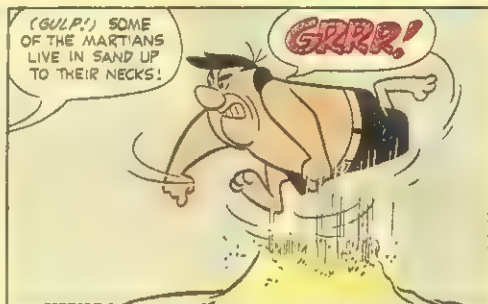
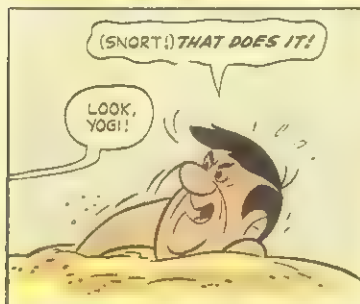
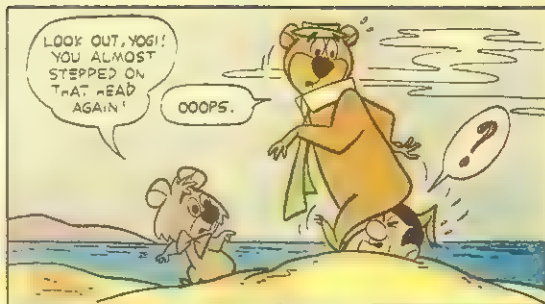
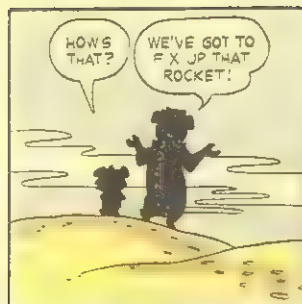
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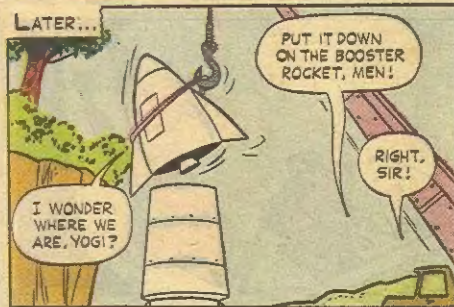
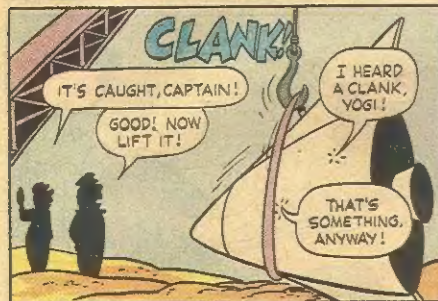






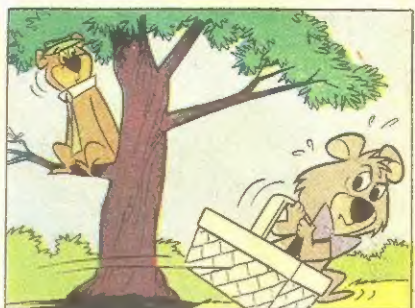
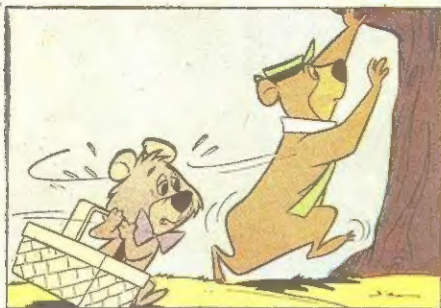
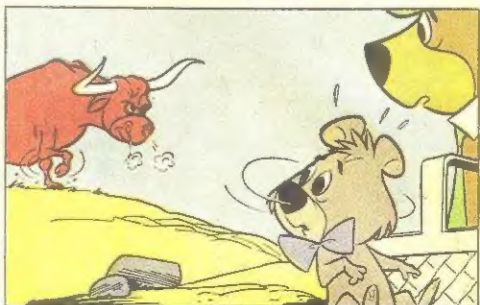






YOGI and BOO BOO

PRIVATE PARTY

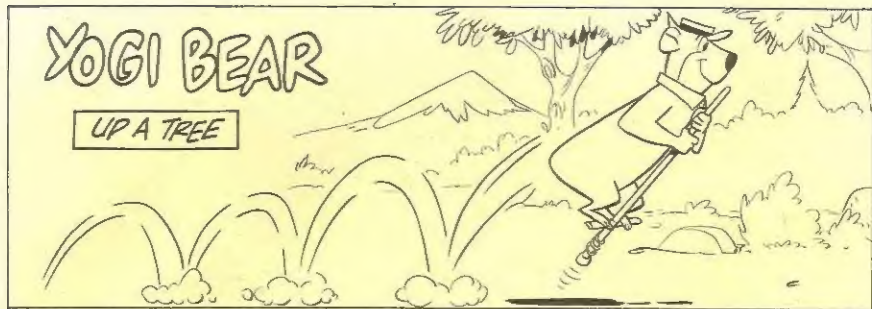


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YOGI BEAR

UP A TREE



Hanna-Barbera

YOGI BEAR

JUGGLE TROUBLE

